ENGLISH MEDALLION, BRUSSELS, AND ENGLISH CARPETS.
Oil Cloths, Mattings, and Window Shades, Table and Piano Covers,
AT ATTRACTIVE PRICES. ALL GOODS ARE GUARANTEED.
HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery.
Displayed in Ten Spacious Sales-Rooms.

VOL. 7. NO. 164.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, May 30,
1863.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 116 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

BEN WOOD:

THE ORATOR WHO NEVER MADE A SPEECH—THE NOVELIST WHO NEVER WROTE A NOVEL.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.
J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., 150 Bowery, cor. Broome Street, New-York,
HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A FINE STOCK OF WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVER & PLATED WARE, AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of New-York.

A Great National Celebration.

AT A MEETING OF THE

Board of Directors of the Union League of Philadelphia, held March 26th, 1863,

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS, PRESENTED BY MR. CHAS. GIBBONS, WERE UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED:

RESOLVED.

1. That the League will celebrate the approaching anniversary of American Independence by appropriate ceremonies, at the Hall of Independence.
2. That all the Union Leagues and Associations in the United States be invited to participate in the celebration, and that they be requested to send deputations from their respective bodies for that purpose.
3. That it be recommended that the deputies be authorized to represent their constituents in any action that may be deemed necessary and expedient to perfect the organization of the friends of the American Union and Government throughout the United States.
4. That the Committee of Correspondence be authorized to prepare a circular letter, communicating these resolutions to the Union Leagues and loyal citizens of the respective States, and to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry them into effect.

WM. M. MEREDITH, President.

GEO. H. BOKER, Secretary.

Call of the Loyal National League.

Convention of Loyal Leagues.

The undersigned, in the name of the Loyal National League, established in every county of the State of New-York, and of other loyal leagues, respectfully invite delegates from all similar organizations in the State to assemble in Convention, at

Mechanics' Hall, Utica,

ON THE MORNING OF

Tuesday, the 26th May, inst., at 11 o'clock,

To perfect a State organization, and to consider plans for the furtherance of the objects stated in the following pledge:

We pledge ourselves to unconditional loyalty to the Government of the United States, to unwavering support of its efforts to suppress the Rebellion, and to spare no endeavor to maintain unimpaired the National unity, both in principle and territorial boundary.

The primary object of this League is, and shall be, to bind together all loyal men, of all trades and professions, in a common Union, to maintain the power, glory, and integrity of the nation.

For their own part, and for the part of their associate Leagues, the undersigned distinctly state that the proceedings of the Convention shall be open and public, and no action shall be taken of a partisan character. The organizations thus far perfected have not been by political districts, but by local divisions, counties and towns.

In making this call, the undersigned beg to remind the loyal men of the State of the powerful influence which such an organization may exert in support of the Government, and the encouragement of loyal sentiment.

The Anti-Corn-Law League in a few years revolutionized the public opinion of England, and attained the object for which it was established. If such a result could be attained by an organization separate from party, on a question of political economy, what may not be expected of a Loyal National League, based on loyalty to the Government of our fathers, and a pledge to maintain unbroken the national unity of this proud and prosperous country?

Each League is requested to send as many Delegates as convenient, and the Convention will decide on the mode of representation.

The Ward Leagues of New-York and Kings County are invited to cooperate.

The Convention is expected to take part in the proceedings of the mass assemblage, on the 27th, called by the Loyal League of Union Citizens.

LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUES.

New-York, James A. Roosevelt, Sec'y.
Livingston Co., James T. Norton, Sec'y.
Wyoming Co., W. H. Merrill, Sec'y.
Dutchess Co., Charles Place, Sec'y.
Clinton Co., N. Lapham.
Third Election Dist., Suffolk, R. Albertson, Sec'y.
Middletown, Orange, M. D. Stivers, Sec.
Eastchester, Westchester, Edmund Hoyle, Sec'y. [Sec.
Nunda, Livingston, Geo. M. Osgoodby, Sec.
Geddes, Onondaga, Mead Belden, Sec'y.
Olean Cattaraugus, R. L. Page, Sec'y.
Southold, Suffolk, Wm. H. Pike, Sec'y.
East Bloomfield, Ontario, R. C. Stiles, Secretary.
Rhinebeck, Frank T. Van Keuren, Secy.
Corning, Steuben, Horace Barnes, Prst.
Bath, Steuben, C. H. Thomson.
Hornellsville, Steuben, H. Bemis, Prest.
Stony Brook, Edward Oakes, Sec'y.
Owego, Tioga, T. G. Stagg, Secretary.
Mexico, Oswego, A. F. Kellogg, Sec'y.
Norwich, Chenango, Wm. E. Chandler, Secretary.
Suspension Bridge, Niagara City, W. H. Watson, Sec'y.
Sons of Washington Union League, Rochester, John C. Chumassero, President.
Loyal League of Delhi, Delaware, Norwood Bowne, Sec'y.
Union League of Broome county, W. W. Elliott, Secretary.
Danville, Livingston, I. B. Moray, Secy.
Spring Water, Livingston, John Wiley, Secretary.
West Sparta, Livingston, Ogden Marsh, Secretary.
Watertown, Jefferson B. Brockaway, Sec'y.
Albany, Albany, B. Millard, Sec'y.
Elmira, Chemung, James T. Dudley, Secretary.
Bruton, Cayuga, E. R. Latimer, Sec'y.
Montour, Schuyler, O. M. Clanbarty, Secretary.
Marion, Wayne, S. B. Dean, Secretary.
Hamilton, Madison, E. D. Van Slyck, Secretary.
Hannibal, Oswego, W. W. Scribner, Sec'y.
Cortland, Cortland, F. D. Wright, Sec'y.
Alfred Centre, Alleghany, A. C. Spicer, Secretary.
Danby, Tompkins, T. J. Phillips, Sec'y.
Ridgeway, Orleans, Geo. L. Pratt, Secy.
Rose, Wayne, T. Robinson, Sec'y.
Sodus, Wayne, C. D. Gaylord, Sec'y.
Elbridge, Onondaga, J. O. Wright, Sec.
Boston, Erie, B. A. Churchill, Sec'y.
Coram Suffolk, R. W. Smith, Sec'y.

And many others.

10,000,000 GLEASON'S SAVED
KEROSENE CRATER

Will cook a Steak (4 in. thick,) in 13½ minutes, on a Coal Oil at a cost of less than ¼ of a cent; make a of T in 7 minutes; Toast four slices of in 3 minutes; boil or fry in 3 minutes; warm drinks, food, &c. for the sick or in 2½ minutes; will prevent the BREAKING OF CHIMNEYS, AND SAVE THE TROUBLE AND EXPENSE OF MAKING MORE THAN TEN MILLIONS OF FIRES ANNUALLY. USED ON ANY KEROSENE LAMP, WITHOUT OBSCURING THE LIGHT.

No Smoke or Odor.

Price, 25 cents. Sold at Lamp-Stores, also by

E. P. GLEASON,
Manufacturer,
185 Mercer Street,
New-York.

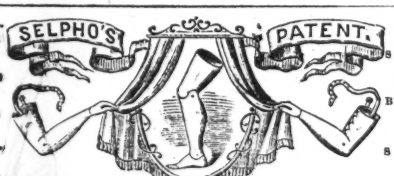
☞ Orders from the dealers solicited.

Union League Headquarters.

AGENTS wanted in every City, Town and Regiment in the Union, to sell the NEW UNION LEAGUE PINS, together with all kinds of JEWELRY and MASONIC EMBLEMS. I will send as sample, on the receipt of either 25 or 50 cents, one of the U. L. Pins, together with my wholesale Circular, and on the receipt of $1 I will send either a FINE GOLD PEN and PENCIL, or MASONIC PIN or RING, or a new style VEST CHAIN, or GUARD CHAIN, or NECK CHAIN, or set of NEW STYLE STUD-BUTTONS.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweller,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

THE MOST PERFECT SUBSTITUTES FOR LOST LIMBS THE WORLD OF SCIENCE HAS EVER INVENTED



516 BROADWAY.—ESTABLISHED 24 YEARS.

N.B. SOLDIERS SUPPLIED BY ORDER OF THE SURGEON GENERAL, U.S.A.

VANITY FAIR.

THE WEEKLY ISSUE OF THIS

GREAT ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

WAS RESUMED MAY FIRST, AND IS FOR SALE AT THE OLD PRICE OF

SIX CENTS PER COPY.

No advance of price, notwithstanding the still increased cost of materials, and no abatement in size.

The paper will be published every Saturday, and will be for sale everywhere one week preceding its date, at SIX CENTS per copy, but those who wish to sustain it will do so more thoroughly by subscribing, and remitting us THREE DOLLARS, for which the paper will be sent one year, post-paid.

Two Copies to one address for....$5. | Five Copies to one address for....$11.

ALL MAILED FREE.

To any person sending us Forty-five Dollars, for Twenty Yearly Subscriptions, we will send a complete set of VANITY FAIR—Six Volumes bound—as a premium, and the papers, postage paid, to subscribers.

POLITICAL CLUBS will be furnished at $4 per hundred, they paying Express charges. Orders and subscriptions in all cases to be accompanied with the money and legible directions for mailing or express.

Remittances in Government money preferred. Seal all letters securely, and address plainly to

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for Proprietors, 116 Nassau Street, New-York.

Published for the Proprietors, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, at 116 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HUMORS OF THE DRAFT.

Enrolling Officer.—"You're not an alien, are you, Mr. Hoolaghan?"
Mr. H.—"A Naylian, is it? Faix no, but a true-born Canayjian, as you might tell be the looks ov me!"

The Standard of Chivalry.

A Richmond paper informs those whom it may concern, that a "monster standard is in course of preparation, and will be raised to the staff on the Capitol early next week, the elements permitting."

Considering the monstrous atrocities that have been perpetrated under the rebel flag ever since the commencement of the war, we take leave to remark that the epithet conferred upon it by the Richmond editor is very appropriate.

Con. Inspired by "Old Eye."

Why is the Patent Reaper like a nauseous dose of physic?

Because it goes against the grain.

"Of the Earth, earthy."

It is incident to man, saith the "saw," to "eat his peck of dirt" ere he goes to "K. C."

Upon which, and accepting the fact that man himself is but "dust of the earth," Jenks says "he knows a Peck not far from Richmond now, that the Rebs will find a choking job to attempt to swallow."

"Mother Goose," Improved,

By Sir J. Elphinstone, M.P.

(*Original "M. G.:" "Three little boys went out to skate, all on a Summer's Day;" etc., etc.*)

Sir J. E.'s Improvement.

Nine Iron-clads went into fight
On Charleston's rockbound bay!
Result: ten smashed; one sunk; the rest,
Disabled, limped away!

REVELATIONS FROM REBELDOM.

As the most conflicting assertions have been published from time to time, regarding the food question at the South, we think that the true state of the larder in that quarter may be arrived at by comparing the following statements, which we have picked out from the latest Confederate papers. The first of these is very business-like, although somewhat mysterious; it is from the Vicksburg *Sentinel:*

"Fresh meats are commanding exorbitant prices in the markets at this time. Veal and Pork $1.50 per pound, and of an inferior quality; Beef, or what is said to be Beef, commands $1.75."

To understand, thoroughly, the expression "what is said to be beef," it will only be necessary to read the following clip from a Richmond paper:

"Many country people hearing that horses were being impressed in this city for military purposes, have discontinued their visits to our markets. Their fears are entirely without reason. We are authorized to say that no horses of country people attending the markets will be interfered with. The Government, whilst it is supplying an urgent necessity, is, at the same time, conferring a great benefit upon the city. *It is impressing the pampered steeds of luxurious gentlemen and the fat hack horses, which have been consuming the food so much needed by our citizens.*"

Putting the "what is said to be beef" in juxtaposition with the "pampered steeds of luxurious gentlemen and the fat hack horses," we gain some considerable insight into the question of board at the South, and consider ourself justified in supposing that people down there have by this time discovered that the Steak for which they are playing is a pretty tough one. Nor is the scarcity confined to beef only; if the following is a fact, bread appears to be equally scarce among them:

"A soldier of an Ohio regiment, taken at Rome, Ga., was shot on Wednesday last, while reaching for a cracker, at Belle Isle prison."

Such, then, is the smiling aspect of affairs at the sunny South; horse-beef $1.75 per pound, and crackers one loyal soldier's life apiece.

THE THREE GENERALS.

Air.—"*The Three Fishers.*"

I.

Three Copperhead Generals had been out West,
Had been out West ere their sun went down,
Each lived at the tavern that he liked best,
And the people stood watching them all about town;
Ah! men must fight, and women must weep,
For there's much to conquer and more to keep;
Yet the hotel bars were groaning.

II.

Three eyes were kept sharp on the White House tower,
Awaiting the time when the votes should come down;
The wine ran a flood and the gold fell a shower,
While the Rebels came rolling up, ragged and brown;
Ah, men must fight, though women should weep,
And battles are sudden, and blood runs deep....
Yet the hotel bars kept groaning.

III.

Three chaps shall lie out on Salt River's sands,
When the gleam of Rebellion's sun goes down
And their friends shall be crying and wringing their hands
O'er the vote of the country and vote of the town;
For while men fight, and while women weep
These political soldiers aren't worth their keep,
Though the hotel bars be groaning!

The Best Boon(e) for (Disloyal) Kentucky.

"A second 'Daniel' come to judgment."

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM McARONE.

OUT WEST, May 20.

DEAR VANITY:—I am happy to inform you that I have gone into the wholesale Raid business, and am doing uncommonly well at it.

I now ride three hundred miles and burn a couple of railroad bridges every morning before breakfast.

GRIERSON goes with me. He is a very, very hunkey boy, and one of the best raiders I know, having been in the business a long time, and possessing rather extensive facilities.

I used to do a little in that line occasionally during the Italian War, but the country was too small. I remember, once, GARIBALDI and I went out for a bit of diversion, and nearly got into trouble by riding over into Sardinia before we knew it.

(And indeed, last week, extending our operations a trifle further than usual, I and GRIERSON destroyed a railroad culvert in the upper part of California, supposing we were still in Mississippi.)

Still, the raid is not a stranger to European warfare. It was known many years ago, to both furious Frank and fiery Hun. You recollect CAMPBELL's reference to it in "*Hohenlinden*:"

"By torch and trumpet fast a Raid."

Here we use neither torches nor trumpets; they are old and almost obsolete weapons now. Carbines, sabres, and pistols have superseded them.

Speaking of implements of War, it is surprising how many troops of Flying artillery the Rebels have, out here. In my various expeditions, lately, I have seen not less than a hundred troops of artillery, and every one of them was Flying.

And it was the same with their other troops.

The only man I have lost, in all these operations, was one whom I had courtmartialed and executed.

Just as he was led out to be shot, he turned to me and made a remark:

"General, what am I shot for?"

"For sleeping upon your post."

"Then they ought to shoot you worse than me. I only slept on my post, while you sleep on your Four-post!"

(This was a playful allusion to my beautiful canopy bedstead, presented me by the editors of the *Chicago Tribune* for telling less truth in ten consecutive letters than their War-correspondents did in five.)

I gently chid him for jesting when on the brink of the grave, and he seemed to realize his condition.

"General," he said, impressively, can you grant me a simple request . . the last I shall ever ask of you? Consider that I speak as a dying man, and do not, oh! do not refuse my plea."

My eyes dimmed.

"It is granted," I said.

"Promise me?"

"I promise."

"Then, General, will you be kind enough to have the muskets *loaded with blank cartridges?*"

I had promised, and a McARONE cannot tell a lie. I ordered the muskets loaded with blank, but took my man out, afterward, just back of the camp, and hanged him.

GRIERSON has just come in from a small, undersized raid.

He brought in a mile and a half of railroad, with embankments and all complete; and tells me that he burned two canals in Eastern Mississippi. An intelligent counterfeiter, with whom he conversed, informed him that the backbone of the Rebellion was broken; at least, such was the opinion of eminent military authorities in Richmond, last week.

Perhaps the most important raid I have made, personally, was when I tore up the Raritan & Delaware Bay R. R. I went tearing up the road one bright night, at the rate (GEORGE COOPER said) of "Sev't'y-fi' miles 'n 'our."

We both rode on the cow-catcher, but being "no railroad man," I "didn't know my danger." DICK RYERSON didn't, either, though he does now. He was my Chief Engineer, then; but, poor boy, he got killed, or something, at the battle of Jersey City.

The natives along that line of country are harmless but conspicuous people. They don't object to the Old Flag, nor to invitations to drink. Some of them are clergymen. That is a good profession, but as a rule I prefer the railroad fellows. However, *chaq'un à son gout.*

If any native of that country has found the hat I lost, that night, and will return it, I will give him the cold I got on the same occasion.

But a truce to this flippancy. The stirring peal of the bugle calls to boots and saddles. I must start on my afternoon raid . . .

You can't guess what *I shall write about in my next letter.* Remember these words, and look sharp. Mark me. Lay low and keep dark. There is something to be expected.

McARONE.

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

No. V.

AIR—*The Friar (and Liar) of Orders Grey.*

I AM a Copperhead, all the same—
Though I confess, with tears of shame,
That Council of ours, Monday night,
Was a sorry, shambling, ridiculous sight.
The Stands were all ready—the night was fair—
Our Call had been published everywhere;
The scheme was planned uncommonly well,
And why it fizzled I cannot tell:
But let it be said
Of the Copperhead
A Donkey can be more easily led.

The speakers we hoped would be on hand,
Inspiring the crowds at every stand—
JIM BROOKS, Old PARKER, O'GORMAN, and WOOD—
All wanted to come, but none of 'em could.
Deserted by talent and genius, of course—
Though RYNDERS and BLANKMAN might blow themselves hoarse—
We couldn't expect to do anything great,
To go very early, or stay very late;
But the mortal dread
Of being called dead,
Should have scourged from his hole every Copperhead!

The spirit is willing, but flesh is weak,
Is the motto of every political sneak!
The chance of a riot, the hope of arrest,
Should have given the meeting a kind of zest:
But it didn't; our words were brave and true,
But they seemed to render the blue more blue;
Their cheers, when our Martyr's name came up,
Wouldn't have frightened a poodle pup:
All that was said
Fell flat and dead,
And mortified every Copperhead.

But wait till our great Convention meets
In a grander arena, provided with seats!
Our wisest and best won't fail to come,
And not an echo will then be dumb.
Our glorious Martyrs shall rise again,
Oft as they've all been imprisoned and slain!
We'll see where the laugh comes in, next time!
So now, brother Snakes, prepare your slime!
Our foes shall dread
(As we've often said)
The terrible name of *Copperhead!*

A Verd Antique.

"WHENEVER I meet you," remarked JENKS to the INVETERATE GAMESTER, "I think, with sentiments of envy, of your resemblance to the 'frisking lamb' and the 'sportive kid.'"

"How so?" asked the I. G.

"Ah!" sighed JENKS, "do you not, all three, equally delight to gambol on the 'green'?"

A Green Old Age.

A BOSTON philosopher, or statistician, or something, writing in a Boston paper, says:

"In grinding grain and making flour, one man can do 150 times more work than he could perform a century ago."

We should rather have supposed that "one man" who could have performed any kind of work a century ago, when he must have been comparatively young and strong, could hardly get through so much more now that he figures in the character of a centenarian.

THE STRONG WOMEN'S LEAGUE.

WHAT between Dr. DIO LEWIS'S system of parlor gymnastics, wheel-skates, surf-bathing, and writing leaders for newspapers, and novels for publishers, these women are going to get the upper hand of us, if we do not look sharp. It is time something were done about this, else will mind and muscle be soon monopolized by what we have hitherto considered the weaker sex. We must look to our hats and boots, and other articles of wearing apparel, else shall we behold them—especially the latter—confiscated to the use of Ladies' Leagues, while we shall have nothing to put our Legs into except the discarded crinoline and pine-apple skirts of the conquerors.

There are some terrible anticipations to be drawn from the doings and sayings of the powerful-minded she-leaguers who lately held their convention in this city.

At one of their meetings, according to our reporter, (who attended it in a dress borrowed for the occasion from his washerwoman,) a very old lady clothed in snuffy black arose, saying that a "cherubing" had appeared to her in a dream last night, and recommended her to apply for the command of a gun-boat. She had rather be stoker to a railroad-engine, she said, but the "promptions of Providence wasn't to be despised, and she felt that it was about time for her to give herself to her country, and command a gun-boat."

Mrs. GRIMKE WELD said that she would exert her influence with the President to procure a gun-boat for this brave old salt; who was so pleased at this that she shifted her quid, hitched up her waistband, and contributed to the harmony of the occasion by singing "Yo heave ho!" for the remainder of the evening.

Here one of the "Business Committee," Miss ANNIE POST, offered her services as first lieutenant to the old lady who wanted the gun-boat. "When the Ship of State is in peril," said Miss ANNIE POST, "it becomes the duty of each of us to rally round it like a man, or perish in the attempt!"

Our reporter hazarded the remark that the Ship of State could not be better secured than by mooring it to Any Post.

On this, several muscular-minded ladies all jumped up at once, and said that they believed our reporter to be a man in disguise.

Confidence was restored by our reporter producing and handing round a square bottle of cordial gin, with peppermint in it, which seemed to be considered satisfactory with regard to his sex.

A tall, wiry lady, of determined aspect, said that she should like to say a few words on the subject of cavalry. She was one of forty——

"Oh! oh! we don't mention ages here!" exclaimed several hundred ladies at once.

There was no age about it, continued the speaker. She was one of forty smart fellows like herself, and they wanted the Secretary of War to provide them with horses and boots and things, in order to enable them to carry devastation into the ranks of the foe, and break the backbone of the rebellion. She knew they could do it, if they only got a chance.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON said that she would see Mr. STANTON about it at an early day. The horse was a noble animal, and, backed by free and equal women—by such a woman as the last speaker, for instance—well calculated to give an enemy fits.

Numerous other ladies addressed the assembly in the course of the evening, each and all of them professing to be ready to serve their country as sailors, soldiers, preachers, politicians, blacksmiths, braziers, contractors, surgeons, carpenters, or in any other capacity for which pluck and muscle are the principal requisites. Not one of them was weak enough to mention lint or flannel shirts. Every one of them had rather command a gun-boat than work a sewing-machine.

We are a great people!

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE!

A Marvel and a Mystery.

WE are not credulous! On the contrary, we are quite the reverse! We do not, generally, believe much to speak of. For example:

We do not believe that General KEYES entered Richmond, and that General HOOKER recrossed the Rappahannock, simultaneously, a week or more ago.

We do not believe SIR J. ELPHINSTONE (M. P.)'s statement before the British Parliament, to the effect, that ten iron-clads out of nine were destroyed in the Charleston harbor fight.

We do not even, entirely, believe in the disinterested neutrality of the English Government!! *Etcetera!* Yet—although far more extraordinary than all these—we do place confidence in the STARTLING INTELLIGENCE, brought us by a loyal gentleman direct from Philadelphia.

This gentleman, whose word we would receive, under any circumstances, even more cheerfully and implicitly than his bond, assures us, solemnly, that just nine and forty hours previous to his arrival at our office, being then in the City of Penn, he saw—"with his own eyes saw"—upon a public thoroughfare of that town, in full daylight—Charles INGERSOLL, the COPPERHEAD *Demo, wearing, in a manner distinctly visible to the naked eye, a white linen shirt-collar!!!*

What new and dire evil this may portend to the Union, we are painfully at a loss to conjecture. "Something wicked," it surely must indicate.

Have we no prophet among our readers to pierce this mystery?

The agony of our suspense can be better fancied than described. "Speak and save us!"

NOTE.—A dim light breaks hopfeully upon us! On cross-questioning the gentleman from Philadelphia, he has confessed he could not *positively* swear that the *collar* was *linen!* "It might have been paper," said he.

"Ay!" we excla imed, as a ray of thought flashed before our mind's optic.

"Ay! or it might have been COTTON!!!"

If so———ha?

O THUNDER!

"A MAN named J. T. Johnson was yesterday lodged in Castle Thunder, by order of Gen. Winder, on the charge of piloting the Yankee cavalry in their recent raid around Richmond. His capture was effected by Captain Wretn's cavalry."
—*Richmond Paper.*

If General WINDER into Castle Thunder
Will cast our guides,
Let no ill-regulated rebel wonder
At what betides:

From Castle Thunder through that self-same "WINDER"
Our guides may see
A way to touch the jailer up with tinder,
And grab the key.

And then the rebs will know the stupid blunder
Their General made,
In ever thrusting into Castle Thunder
A Yankee Blade!

CHARMING CLOTHES FOR HOT WEATHER.—The "Melton Suits."

A FIT FOR THE "LADIES' LEAGUE."

Mr. Lincoln, (to Mrs. Mannikins, of the "Business Committee"). "WELL, MA'AM, AS THE ARTICLES YOU WEAR DON'T SEEM TO BE LARGE ENOUGH FOR YOU, I HAVE THE HONOR TO PRESENT YOU, BY THE ADVICE OF MRS. LINCOLN, WITH A PAIR OF MINE. THEY MAY SEEM RATHER LARGE; BUT, AT THE RATE AT WHICH YOU ARE PROGRESSING, YOU'LL FILL THEM VERY WELL BY AND BY!"

White and Black.

SOME savage or another suggests to us that SCHALK ought to be called SCHARCOAL for the future, on account of the way in which he has been trying to blacken General HOOKER'S military reputation.

Louis Napoleon's "Carte."

ALL who have read the reports of the French operations against Puebla, must have been struck by the fact that the greatest difficulty experienced by the invaders was with the "Carmen" of that city.

The lesson of this is, that the *carte* drawn up by LOUIS NAPOLEON for the conquest of Mexico, may yet be upset by the "Carmen" of Puebla.

Spiritual.

AT a late meeting of the leading spirit mediums of this city, a new and powerful agent of communication was announced, and created a profound sensation. It is neither more nor less than a newly-invented hair-dye, which, according to the proprietor of it, is capable of producing "any Shade that may be required."

Supernatural Circumstance.

WHILE the Copperhead orators were in full blast on Monday night, in Union Square, a strange and awful circumstance occurred, causing the hearts of the old and the heads of the young to blanch with terror. Just as one of the speakers paused, after having put the solemn question as to whether any person present could say "nay" to the sentiments uttered by him, a sonorous and startling Nay was uttered by the Washington horse at the south eastern corner of the Square. There was a dead silence for some minutes. Bronze took the shine out of Brass, for once.

PARABLE FOR PEACE DEMOCRATS.

RETRACE, O reminiscent mind!'
Our memories invoke us
Through life's lorgnette to look behind—
There; now I've got the focus.

I see in dim, dissolving haze,
Some joys and several sorrows
That grew and died ere our to-days
Were shaped by our to-morrows.

The village green now greets mine eye,
The small, ambitious chapel,
With chop-stick spire that to the sky
Tenders a golden apple.

The school-house, angular and bare,
And the old pump beside it;
The White House, where the schoolmaster
In simple state resided.

The meadows, fringing the canal
With reeds and grasses waving;
The Shallow Brooks, as usual
Like Shallow Brooks behaving.

And, as the memories I scan,
I see the sad disaster
That frustrated an evil plan
To trip up the schoolmaster,

Who, ever, as the twilight sped,
Strolled, Constitutionally,
Along the meadow-path that led
Unto the tranquil valley.

I see the big, bad boys who dog,
With purpose never cooling,
The steps of the good pedagogue,
Revengeful of his ruling.

Across the meadow-path they net
The brown, maturing grasses,
The old schoolmaster to upset,
As pensively he passes.

But, stillness o'er the meadow reigns,
And now the night is falling;
And shade-schoolmasters, with shadow-canes,
Loom up in crowds appalling;

Causing the big, bad boys to fall,
As homeward they are streaking,
Into the net-work criminal
From their own hands yet reeking.

Where one his five false ribs doth break,
Likewise his vertebral column,
And all the big, bad boys partake
Of accidents equally solemn.

And out of their bones, in after years,
Nettles and wormwood sprouted—
That was the end of their bad careers,
And nobody cared about it.

THE LAST NEW COPPER.

CALLED IN BY THE GOVERNMENT AS BEING TOO BOGUS FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

There has been less demand for wives, since the war set in, than previously, owing to the absence of able-bodied young men. Latterly, however, on account of the return regiments, perhaps, the market has exhibited a more lively tendency. Widows have been quoted at 38; and one young lady "of affectionate disposition, said to be attractive, just returned from a boarding-school with blue eyes and flaxen hair," was taken out of the columns of a daily paper at par by "a Spanish gentleman with a view to matrimony of a prepossessing appearance." The French, German, Spanish, and many other foreign languages, are now daily held out as recommendations by the accomplished young ladies who advertise their charms for the matrimonal market. We do not observe, however, that English is much cultivated among them. If any of them, in fact, are as slip-shod in their *chaussure* as they are in their grammar, we fear that they will become a drug in the market, and remain heavy upon the hand. Here is a notice from one fair creature who probably has a foreign tongue at the tip end of each taper finger:

"A young lady of seventeen wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. He must have black eyes and hair, a splendid form, heavy moustache, and an ardent admirer of the fair sex. The advertiser is a perfect blonde, blue eyes, light cur y hair, is very plump, small hands and feet, and quite tall. Inclose carte de visite, and address Alone, Post-Office, New-York."

In these pugilistic times, Miss Alone, there can be no difficulty in finding a gentleman with black eyes, a splendid form, and all that, but where you are to pick up one possessing an ardent admirer of the fair sex, we are at a loss to guess. That you are a "perfect blonde," Miss Alone, we can very readily believe, but we object decidedly to the statement that you are a pair of blue eyes, and a head of light curly hair. Of course you mean that you *possess* these advantages, dear Miss Alone; and, had you written your advertisement in any one of the foreign languages undoubtedly familiar to you, the statements made in it would probably have been more grammatical and less equivocal than they are. We do not wish to be severe, Miss Alone, but we *must* express our apprehensions that a young lady who can so cruelly break the head of Lindley Murray, might lacerate her husband's face with her nails, on any slight provocation.

A VALLANDIG-HAMMER.

The Philadelphia *Evening Journal* has been setting up a spasmodic cackle over the sale of the "Loyal League House," in Philadelphia, arguing that because the building is going to the hammer, the occupants of it must be about "declining business."

It is strange that a Philadelphia paper should be so badly informed regarding matters belonging to the City of Brotherly Love. If the Philadelphia *Evening Journal* knew anything about Philadelphia, it would hardly have to come to New-York, as it does, for information regarding the disposal by auction of the League House, which is for sale to close the affairs connected with an estate. The hopes of the Philadelphia *Evening Journal* that the Loyal League is going to the hammer with the house are premature. The L. L. will see the *Evening Journal* into the ground, first, and *then* won't go to the hammer. Let the *Evening Journal*, then, much of a Vallandig-hammer as it may be, leave off hammering upon subjects with which it is unfamiliar. The Vallandig-hammer is very apt to recoil upon him who uses it, and more than one handler of it has been driving nails with it into his own coffin of late, morally speaking.

"I'm not so Strong as I used to be," as the Onion remarked after it was boiled.

PETTY LARCENY.

There is a limit to which human endurance can be pushed before it takes upon itself the form of an insulted rattlesnake, and turns to strike. It has also been remarked that the pickpocket who possesses himself of your portemonnaie is a Christian gentleman compared to him who surreptitiously copies the choicest productions of your pen, and deposits them in the Poet's Refuge of a weekly paper, with his name attached. Illustrations of both of these conditions have just been experienced by us. On taking up a late number of the *Home Journal*, we were electrified at reading therein the following lines, the authorship of which is claimed by a rather celebrated stump-orator of the Copperhead school:

"LOVE'S NATAL DAY.

BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

Now bloom is on the May,
And music in the air;
This is love's natal day,
And joy is everywhere.

The children in the glen,
The bees in every flower,
The birds sing in the fen—
'This is love's natal hour.'

The maiden's heart is ripe
With all the sweets of May;
The shepherd takes his pipe
And sings love's natal day."

It is only necessary for the gentle reader to peruse the following stanzas, contributed by us many years ago to the inspired columns of the *Tibbitsville Tintinnabulum*, to understand how our feelings revolted at the cheeky plagiarism:

The bloom is on the rye,
My Lily she is fair,
She has a fatal way
Of shutting out the air.

The little bee—what then?
Improves each shining flower.
The curfew in the fen,
Proclaims the fatal hour.

Bring me a plate of tripe,
With all the sweets of May;
And then I'll smoke a pipe
And drive dull care away.

A BLANK MAN—VERY.

At the Copperhead meeting in Union Square, last Monday night, a feature of the occasion was the "high-toned" speech delivered by one Mr. Edmon Blankman, whose name is an exceedingly well-fitting cap to his nature, if his language is to be taken as a test of the latter. In giving a report of that speech, we regret to observe that our respected contemporary, the *Daily Times*, did not altogether conceal from the public eye the little monosyllabic and other expletives contained in it. That was wrong of the *Daily Times*, but, after all, the *D. T.* does not aspire, we believe, to the rank of a drawing room journal, so that a d dash d more or less in it does not amount to much after all. Our own reporter, however, was more dainty in the management of his short-hand, and we have the pleasure of here presenting our readers with that clever young man's transcript in full of Mr. Blankman's speech:

"Well, now, I'll be ******! (Applause)—think of the poor man being obliged to go soldiering as a conscript, while any ****** infernal son of a ***** of a well-off man can stop at home at the rate of three hundred dollars! (Applause.) May the ***** fly away with me, body and boots, if I think you ought to go to the war, boys! (Applause.)—***** my eyes if I see it! and ***** your eyes if you see it, too! (Applause.) If Vallan****digham is brought through the City of New-York, on his way to that ******, *******, ******** hole, Fort Warren, I hope my ****** buttons may be blown to **** if we don't get Judge McCunn to sue him out on *habeas corpus*—****** if we don't!" (Tremendous applause.)

The above is a very exact report of Mr. *****man's speech, and it looks a good deal better in print than we expected.

BONNETTING THE SOUTH.

A PARAGRAPH in one of the Southern papers is in ecstasies over a new, cheap, and characteristic style of bonnet, lately invented, if not patented, by a young lady named ANN ELIZABETH FARMER. The material of which this lovely thing (the bonnet, not ANN ELIZABETH) is composed is the cabbage palmetto, and it is trimmed with orange-flowers made of the feathers of the common domestic goose. In the selection of this useful water-fowl for the trimmings, we have a suggestion of the evident struggles of the Southern Confederacy to keep their heads above water. "Can a duck swim?" is a question usually considered as involving its own answer; but, put to us in this case, we should reply that a duck of a bonnet, trimmed with goose's feathers, ought to be at least as effectual in preventing the wearer from sinking as the inferior article known as a "child's caul," sometimes worn by old women of both sexes as a guarantee against death by drowning, when they take the ferries for Brooklyn or Hoboken. In the floral way, we suppose that the cauliflower will become fashionable for the adornment of the cabbage bonnet; and, in the case of any lady whose hair is in excess of auburn, the addition of the carrots will lend a pleasing effect to the vegetable pile. The writer in the Southern journal referred to expresses his confidence that every woman and child's head in the South in Confederacy will soon be crowned with cabbage—in other words, that every woman and child's head will be converted into a head of cabbage. In the present scarcity of provisions at the South, however, the result of this might be, that every woman and child there would want to eat every other woman and child's head off—and then where would your "Southern Confederacy" be?

JONATHAN'S LITTLE ALLEGORY.

Me an' Jess, a spell ago,
Went to see a travelin' show:
Most on't wa'n't no ter'ble shakes,
All *we* cared for wooz the snakes.

After all the rest was threough—
Ridin', climbin', tumblin', teoo,—
Out come a feller, mighty graand,
Fetchin' so'thin' in his haand.

Humly cus, he wooz,—but cool:
Ruther reckon 'twa'n't no fool;
Looked like Uncle Abe, somewhat,—
Cousin, or nephew, likely's not.

Settin' daown his box, he said
So'thin' 'baout a Copperhead,
One he'd hed two year an' more—
Not for to show him, though, afore.

"This is a harmless Snake," says he,—
"As you'll hev a chance to see:
Treated kind, an' managed right,
Copperheads wo'n't never bite!"

"Long at *fust*," says he, "he *would*
Snap araound me all he could;
But I treated him so kind,
Naterly he changed his mind!

"W'en the cus run aout his tongue,—
Hissed t'll the kitchin fairly rung,—
W'en his eyes begun to glare,—
W'en he snapped,—*I* didn't care!

"'Psho!' says I, 's they ketched my arm,—
'That's his by-play!—'taint no harm!
Snakes are *grateful*, guess y'll find;
Mine hain't got no evil mind!'

"'W'en I've fed it, bit by bit,
Licked a boy for stonin' it,
Kep' it easy, day an' night,—
Think it's gunter up an' *bite*?'"

"That's the *nater* o' the thing!"
Growls a feller near the ring:—
"Prejudice, my boy!" says he,
"Stan' up clus', an' look a' me!"

Then he give the box a shake;
Opened it; yanked aout the snake;
Hild it, hugged it, smoothed it daown—
Ticklin' even the silly claown.

Waound the blamed thing raound his neck:
Still, it didn't give one peck.
But its eyes looked mighty bright,
'S if it squeezed him pooty tight.

All to once, the bully claown,
Ketched the snake, an' squashed it daown;
Stompen its head off at one lick;
Turned to the charmer mighty quick.

Marched him raound an' raound the ring;
"Holler!" says he,—"do *so'thin'*!—sing!"
Psho'! the poor cus wa'n't as spry
'S a pair o' pants hung aout to dry.

"Fetch the Coroner!" says he,—
"Abe's gone up—'s fur's *I* see!"
W'en he let the Charmer drop,
Fetchin' the Show to a sudden stop.

Wal, the Coroner, Tom Noddy,
Sot his Jury on the body:
"*Died*"—was all the fellers said—
"*'Sociatin' with a Copperhead!*"

CASE OF "SELL."

Mr. WINDMILL PHILLIPS recently informed a n audience, in tone of pious horror, that PRESIDENT LINCOLN had told him, in a horribly calm way, that he (Mr. L.) "expected to lose about three hundred thousand men, during the summer campaign!"

It is a pity to have to take the wind out of WINDMILL'S sails!

But our stern duty toward the humorous aspect of Life compels us!

The fact is, that the PRESIDENT *did* spring that stunning remark on W. P.

But he sprung it as a joke!

W. P. sought Mr. LINCOLN, in hopes of extracting a sensation for his next speech.

The PRESIDENT pleasantly resolved to gratify him.

With this view, knowing the solemn incapacity of W. P. in the joke line, our NATIONAL CHIEF bethought him, very *apropos*, of a good thing to do.

He remembered that, by the expiration of their various terms of enlistment, about three hundred thousand soldiers would be—temporarily—lost to the Union armies, in the course of the next few months.

Watching his opportunity, then, the President assumed a refreshing nonchalance of air and tone, and thus, incidentally as it were, uttered the prophetic observation that collapsed W. P. with sensational horror.

Our authority further states, that, as soon as the sensation-hunter had retired in a "catawampussed" state of mind, the PRESIDENT relaxed the muscles of his honest face, and distinctly uttered the monosyllable—"S-O-L-D!"

See-Saw.

A DIRECT descendant of LINDLEY MURRAY writes us to inquire whether, if "Saw" is the past participle of "See," a Saw-horse is the past participle of a Sea-horse.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE, NO. XIII.

FROM GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

ALBANY, May 20th, 1863.

VANITY FAIR:

Dear Friend—There are moments, in the life of every superior man, when the glories of his past vanish like a scroll that is suddenly rolled up, while the future becomes immediately enshrouded in gloom; the little that is revealed, fills the soul with sad and dismal presages. History is full of these remarkable instances. And not the least noticeable or affecting particulars of these cases, is that when a public man is thus visited, he immediately shrinks from the notoriety which he may before have courted, and perhaps selects some humble friend—some page, some woman, or even child, perhaps—for the sole repository of his secret! WOLSEY—a man whom in some particulars I have fancied I do not altogether unresemble—had these moments, this sensitiveness, these confidences: he *knew* when he had reached the summit of his greatness; and I have sometimes thought it an essential proof of his greatness, that he did really possess this knowledge.

My dear friend, it is a solemn and fearful, but still flattering truth, that some inner sense, some hitherto sealed and unknown faculty, has lately awakened in my breast, and not only startled me, with the vividness and boldness of its revelations, but awed and intimidated me with its air of heaven-born authority. Though I had for some time been oppressed with gloom and the shadow of a very vague apprehension—which only once had taken a form *almost* distinct enough to come within the province of my senses, namely: when I penned my Letter to the late Vallandigham's Meeting in this city—I did not begin to *realize* the fearful meaning of those strange sensations till my eye had rested on a report of JOHN J. CRITTENDEN'S late speech at Lexington, Kentucky, on subjects connected with our present national difficulties. Oh! my friend, I cannot describe to you the fearful tumult of my feelings, as I came to perceive that I had found my *Master*—a man whose mental soundness and genuine patriotism had infallibly and immovably secured him on the very platform which the gods had constructed for *me*, had I possessed the sense, the firmness, the honesty, to have planted myself there long ago. Heavens! how long that structure has been awaiting a worthy occupant! And now—oh, *why* have I been such an insensate Fool, and Knave, and Ass? Pardon this ungentle language, which, believe me, I have never in my life applied to another. But I so despise myself—I so *shudder* with mortification, when I think of my stupidity, I can scarcely find words strong enough to serve my passionate purpose.

Pity me, dear friend—you who know me so well!—for you are not unable, though so very humble, to feel for the woes of declining and self-condemned greatness. There is too much greatness in your own mind to permit your saying, *Follow him!* No; he should be following me. I can follow no one. Henceforth, Crittenden is the auspicious Star in the firmament; not Seymour. What is Seymour now, but an amiable wrecked, Demagogue, whose fidelity to party ends has dwarfed his judgment, sapped his honor, stifled his patriotism, deafened him, blinded him to every warning sent by Heaven ere Pity should give place to Wrath.

The cares of State, the burdens of Conscience, weigh heavily on me, and I can no more. Write to me, dear friend, and try your powers of consolation on

Your Fallen, Self-Despised, and Ruined friend,

SEYMOUR.

THE TWO B's.

SAYS the Battery to the Bayonet
With derisive irony,
"Slimmest of all the blades I've met
Do you think you can carry me?"
Says the Bayonet to the Battery,
"Square up with your elbow-joint,
And you'll find that however slim I be
I always carry my Point!"

GOOD FOR EVIL.

THE *Springfield Republican* is an amusing sheet; we wish we could say something for its veracity. In a recent notice of VANITY FAIR it observes, after various assertions:

"We would have it loyal most assuredly, but it should not exclude itself from any opportunities of showing up the lies and humbugs and conceits of society the world around."

We presume, therefore, having the gracious permission of the *Springfield Republican*, we may continue to be loyal, provided, like itself, we will only abuse some member of the Administration. It would be impossible for us to show up all "the lies, humbugs, conceits, etc.," because there being four lies in its editorial upon us, it follows that we should be obliged to notice the *Springfield Republican*, which would be a waste of powder entirely out of proportion to the value of the game. It is very evident that the lash has brought the blood, from the cheerful manner in which such Copperhead organs notice us. As we intend to persevere in this good work, we trust that we shall have a first-rate notice from all these gentry, and that they may all be as successful as that of the *Springfield Republican*, the number of which in question, came to us from a gentleman in Massachusetts, with three dollars enclosed, in consequence of the notice, for one year's subscription.

WHAT, TO BE SURE!

THE excellent Miss WILLARD said the other day, at a meeting of the Loyal League of Women, that if VALLANDIGHAM were elected President, she didn't know what she should do. Our own opinion is, that we should assume the management of an opera-house, or of a strong-minded wife, or undertake something equally reckless. But we should certainly throw ourselves away directly without regard to expense; and so we beg leave to assure a Public to whom we are doubtless an object of strong weekly admiration.

BOSTON QUEERITIES.

DR. KNIGHT advertises in a Boston paper that he will restore the Blind to Daylight, and right under him Dr. GRAY extols his celebrated Hair Restorative. We shall have Dr. BROWN doing something yet for the complexion, just as Dr. CRUIKSHANK straightened a great many London Legs. As our Sporting Man observes: "This may be all on the square, but it strikes us as rather rum circumstances. But everything is getting out of fix in this world. Look at that Orderly Sergeant in ROSECRANS'S Division. Why, he's gone and become a Blushing Mother; and I'm blest if, in Kentucky, they do not allow 'em Five Wives to a Man, vich is Five more than any Man of Sense wants."

We suspect that our Sporting Man, whose temper is naturally dulcet, lost a good deal of money on the late fight between MCCOOL and COBURN, which he crossed in every way but the Right one.

Our Telegraph Summary.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Eastern paper complains that the poles that support telegraph-wires are, in general, too few and far between, so that, in some instances, the wires "sag down nearly to the ground."

Does that amiable correspondent imagine that any given number of poles could prevent the telegraph-wires from Lying by the way?

Where Ignorance is Bliss," etc.]

A PERSON who lately read an article in a New-York evening paper on "Longevity among the Shakers," has just settled down into a course of severe drinking, under the impression that *delirium tremens* will secure for him a green and peaceful old age.

A Spot on the Sun.

"IT is evident that the Sun," said VALENTINE to ORSON, as a photographer was posing them for a group *carte de visite*—"It is evident that the Sun is rather disgusted than otherwise with his new profession of portrait-painting. Just ask him to touch off your ugly mug, and see if he won't answer in the Negative."

Antiquity of "Jaw."

IT appears that certain *savants* in France have been enjoying a boisterous time of it over a fossil human jaw, discovered in a quarry. Fossil "jaw" in any country of Europe, where so many old-fashioned discussions are constantly taking place, hardly appears to us to be a thing worth making a fuss about.

Herpetology.

IT is a commonly accepted statement that "man is but a worm." The reptile assimilation has been carried still further in these times of ours, though, where some men are Copperheads.